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The Week

IF the American government has any intention of offering to help France and England in determining by a "fair and just process" Germany's ability to pay an indemnity, it will, we hope, place its services at their disposal before May 1st. Thereafter it will rapidly become too late. The French government proposes on that day to declare Germany in flagrant default under the Treaty, to occupy the industrial and mining district of the Ruhr and to cut it off from the rest of Germany by a high tariff wall. The imposition of this "sanction" will cripple German industry almost to the point of extinction. It will render impossible her economic recovery, and will result after a few months in frank bankruptcy and probably in political disintegration. It will both psychologically and physically soon put an end to her ability to pay any reparations at all. As a result of the customs barrier France will collect a certain amount of revenue, but in all probability no more than enough to pay the increased military expense of the occupation. She will gain nothing from the enforcement of the penalty except by virtue of the damage she does to Germany.

BEFORE May 1st Germany, possibly through some small European neutral, will submit new proposals whose object will be to avert this catastrophe. But in one way or another the success of these proposals will depend upon the attitude of the American government. It may be that no opposition except that of determined resistance from her Allies in the war will prevent France from enforcing the penalties which are written in the bond; but if anything can persuade the French to hold back and accept a promise from Germany to pay no more than the Germans think themselves able to pay, it would be the American government. This country is, furthermore, in a position to help Germany to pay more than she otherwise would or could. We devoutly hope, consequently, that the administration will not delay too long but will before May 1st propose some kind of mediation. If the French occupy the Ruhr and the train of moral and material consequences of that occupation are set in motion they may not cease moving until France and Germany are plunged into a war of mutual extermination.

TELEGRAMS from Washington state that the administration will not offer either arbitration or mediation unless it has advance assurances of a cordial reception of its services from France. The French newspapers, on the other hand, reject the new German proposal before it is received and refuse to accept American mediation before it is offered. In our opinion the American government should nevertheless propose mediation. Although it may not prevent the carrying out of the French determination to seize the Ruhr basin, it can at least expose to the world the animus which determines French policy. If the French government really wants as large a volume of reparations as it can possibly get out of Germany, it would welcome American mediation, for mediation would almost certainly result in assistance and Germany could pay much more with than without American assistance. The refusal of mediation

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would prove that what the politicians and clericals who are now governing France really want is not indemnification for damage but the dismemberment of Germany and her destruction as an economic and political power.

ON April 30th the Reparations Committee will hand to Germany a final bill for the amount to be paid to the Allies. It is understood that this amount will be 100,000,000,000 marks more than the total of 220,000,000,000 fixed at the end of January. The Reparations Commission has arrayed a number of facts in support of its conviction that Germany will be able to pay what is asked of her. For one thing, while the internal debt of France is 5,353 and her external debt 2,102 paper francs per capita, the corresponding figures for Germany are only 4,178 and 40 paper marks. To the mind of the Reparations Commission this is one proof that Germany can pay more than she says she can. Another proof the Commission finds in the figures of comparative taxation: France is paying taxes at the rate of 548 paper francs per capita; Germany, at the rate of 478 paper marks. On a gold basis, it is argued, the Frenchman carries a tax burden five times heavier than the German's. But does such reasoning allow for the fact that if German taxes are proportionately lighter, German wages and salaries are also proportionately lower?

SOME figures supplied by a financial authority throw a new light on the state of things as seen by the Reparations Commission. We learn that the average Frenchman's income is 3,200 paper francs a year, and that, while at present exchange rates this would amount to 13,000 paper marks a year in Germany, the actual German yearly income per capita is only 3,900 paper marks. This, by the way, would be worth at present rates about $63. And even these absurdly low incomes, which themselves show under what a burden the population of Germany now lives, are subject to heavy taxation. In France there are two taxes on incomes, one simple "income tax," and another tax on "income from business or profession." Neither of these taxes is collected on amounts under 5,000 francs, and for 10,375 francs they amount to a total of only 6.05 per cent. The corresponding amount—in francs—in Germany is taxable at a rate of 24.21 per cent. And the German begins to pay income tax—at 4 per cent—as soon as his income exceeds 675 francs. When the German is paying 15 per cent, the Frenchman with the same income of 4,100 francs is still exempt; when the German is paying 41.6 per cent, the Frenchman is paying only 11.58 per cent; the tax on incomes of 200,000 francs is in Germany more than double what it is in France. This one burden, then, is pretty widely and heavily distributed all over Germany.

THE British labor situation remains grave, with the miners still doggedly determined to hold out at all costs. From the explicit repudiation by the miners of the tentative compromise offered by Hodges it may be safely inferred that the demand for a national profits pool represents the real sentiment of a great part of the rank and file. The policy was wrought out by the national leaders, principally by Hodges himself, but it no longer rests in the leaders' keeping. How long the strike will last it is impossible to forecast. The treasury of the miners' union is not strong, and must soon become exhausted. On the other hand, the industry of the nation would suffer severely from a prolonged stoppage of the coal supply. Some concessions the miners are certain to win. The employers have already been driven far from the ground they took when they filed notices terminating all contracts on April 1st and proposed to settle the new scales of pay without bargaining.

ALL likelihood that the miners' strike might develop into a universal struggle between labor and capital seems to have vanished with the decision of the railway and transport workers to hold back. Apparently it was the judgment of those organizations that what the employers and the government were willing to concede was about all that the miners could expect at the present time. The railway and transport workers were unwilling to incur the immense costs and dangers of a struggle whose remoter consequences no one could predict, except in defence of the fundamental rights of unionism. Those rights were no longer directly menaced, after the employers began to exhibit a disposition to make concessions. But whatever the justification for the stand of the allied unions, their withdrawal from the struggle without winning the miners over to the policy of compromise does not promise well for the future position of the Triple Alliance. Unless the three organizations can stick together through a period of crisis the alliance is a hollow sham. It is doubtful whether the miners would not now have been in a stronger position if the allied unions had not intervened at all.

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PERHAPS as part fulfillment of his promise to follow a foreign policy which would be a "complete reversal" of the Wilson policy, President Harding is trying his hardest to have the Senate pass almost exactly the same Colombian treaty that Secretary Bryan drew up in 1917. One clause is missing: in the new treaty the United States no longer "expresses . . . . sincere regret" for the events that resulted in the revolt of Panama from Colombia. If Colombia must do without verbal regrets under the treaty as it now stands, still she is to receive amends from this country in the very substantial form of $25,000,000. This sum is the "blackmail" that the Republicans who oppose the treaty have talked about. Yet not all of them continue to oppose it. The word has gone out that the administration intends to begin a new and friendly course toward Latin America by generously ratifying the Colombian treaty. And this is why we find Senator Lodge, after a complete somersault from his former attitude, now campaigning for the treaty, chiefly on the ground that it would open new oil fields to Americans.

THE fact that powerful American oil interests are anxiously expecting ratification of this treaty in order to go into Colombia seems to Senator Borah only one reason why it should not be ratified. He and some other Republican Senators are opposed to it with particular bitterness because they consider it an unwarranted confession that the United States, and Theodore Roosevelt, contrived the Panaman revolution and practically stole the Isthmus away from Colombia. Though this revolution was a very fortunate one for us, just how much the United States government aided and abetted it is likely to remain the subject of eternal controversy. Senator Pomerene feels sure that our navy helped the revolt, and he mentions the rather ugly fact that only fifteen days after the revolution of Panama the United States signed with this scarcely born republic the treaty under which we now control the Canal. President Roosevelt had a different view; according to him there was "no smallest particle of evidence to show that we engineered the revolution." "No revolution," the Colonel wrote in 1917, "was ever more justified than that of Panama against Colombia; and, if I had not acted precisely as I did, there would now be no Canal." These last words show the true course of his reasoning, and express admirably the attitude of all who cannot be made believe that we acted high-handedly in regard to Colombia.

AT a time when genuine conservatives should be doing their utmost to increase respect for law, the legislature of New York State, under the leadership of Governor Miller and Senator Lusk, showed a most cynical contempt for the theory that law is the deliberate will of the people, by passing hundreds of bills without any public hearing or semblance of discussion or debate. At the closing session bills were passed at the rate of one every two minutes and few of the legislators could pretend to know the contents of the bills which were being railroaded into law. Those who showed themselves so ready to persecute others for lack of loyalty to the democratic form of government seem to act on the motto of the old Byzantine despotism: "Whatever pleases the Prince is law."

ONE of the bills thus rushed through at the last hour of the legislative session without public discussion, gave away the water power of the state to private corporations. As its water power is as much a part of the state's assets as its coal or timber, this act of high generosity by an administration pledged to economy is certainly in need of defense. Governor Miller defended it a few days before on the ground that private corporations could develop this water power more economically than the state could, and that to tax the corporations for the power they thus took would only raise the price to the consumer. This is, of course, a very old economic theory. It was used at the beginning of the nineteenth century to justify the Enclosure acts whereby the common lands of England were given away to the larger landlords. But whatever the merits of the theory, the actual history of our own country has repeatedly shown that when private capital develops natural resources for immediate profit the future interest of the state receives little consideration. At any rate the people of New York State will have to resort to more than "watchful waiting" if they want their rights preserved against the ingenuity and steady progress of the water-power companies.

IT is obvious that no official particularly desires the question of amnesty to be settled at once, and it is quite possible that there has yet been no decision as to how it will be settled. Excuses for the delay are welcome, and easily found. President Harding told the Amnesty Committee that there could be no proclamation of amnesty until there was a state of peace with our late enemies. The proper solution seems to us so obvious and easy that it is hard to realize that for the President the question may be a genuine puzzle, before the perplexity of which he readily falls back on the feeblest kind of technicality. The excuse that because

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we are still at war we cannot face squarely the issue of our political prisoners is merely legalistic, and it is the kind of excuse that persists in our public life.

EVEN many of their worst enemies do not deny to the leaders of the Soviet government a high degree of political sagacity, but by neglecting one act, which would have cost them almost nothing, they show a misjudgment, or at any rate a defiance, of the psychology of Americans. There are, in prisons and concentration camps in Russia, a small number of not at all important American citizens, locked up perhaps for good reasons, but more often, doubtless, for very inadequate ones. This fact is a constant irritation to many Americans, and is easily used by people who find it convenient that something or other should continually trouble our vision of Russia. Just lately the United States government appears to have taken the position that it can have no dealings with Soviet Russia until all American prisoners are released. So the Soviets have lost the opportunity of making what might have appeared a generous and friendly gesture at no loss to themselves, tangible or intangible.

The Missing Formula

BY placing side by side phrases from different parts of President Harding's recent recommendations to Congress about foreign affairs, it would not be difficult to convict him of apparently sheltering under the same roof a number of incompatible proposals. He would like the United States to join an "association of nations based on the application of justice and right" and *"binding* us in conference and cooperation for the prevention of war" but we are to bind ourselves without any mitigation of our sovereign irresponsibility. He would like to restore a state of peace between this country and Germany through independent action by the American government and at the same time to retain all the advantages and rights which we might have obtained by ratifying the Treaty of Versailles. He would like to ratify the Treaty of Versailles without undertaking as a consequence of this act any "inadvisable commitments," which is about the same thing as wanting to take a swim without going near the water. He would like to "engage under the existing Treaty" but none the less to keep the American government out of "the enforcing agency of the victors of the war." Should he manage to accomplish the several proposals which look as irreconcilable as those we have named, he will certainly prove to be one of the most constructive statesmen in history.

Yet that President Harding should seek to accomplish, all at once, apparently irreconcilable purposes springs from the necessity of his position and should be considered on his part a proof of virtue. As a result of the controversies, the misunderstandings and the convulsions of the past five years, the American nation occupies a peculiarly complicated and paradoxical relationship to Europe. It became during the war a co-belligerent with France, Great Britain and Italy in an essentially European quarrel, but it never signed the London agreement not to negotiate a separate peace and it never joined the anti-German alliance. The government poured its resources of material and men into France to the very limit but explicitly for the benefit of certain political objects which were different from those of its co-belligerents.

There has always been an Anglophile and Francophile group in this country which favored the abandonment of an independent political attitude and the more or less complete subordination of the American policy to that of France and Great Britain. There has always been a jealously American group which yielded reluctantly to American participation in the war and proposed to keep America separate from Europe by the widest possible political gulf. Neither of these extremes can control the major part of American public opinion, but both are influential, articulate and insistent. It is a necessity of American foreign policy and an inexorable condition of the success of President Harding's administration that he devise some formula which will mediate between them, which will adjust a Europe which looks extremely remote, troubled and forbidding to an America which, in spite of its recent impassioned interest in a European quarrel, is more than ever grateful for its physical isolation. The necessity of mediating between the two poles and the absence of any approved method of doing it explains the many apparent contradictions in President Harding's recent recommendation to Congress about foreign policy.

The President inherits the quandary from his predecessor, who had it thrust upon him at the outbreak of the European war. At first Mr. Wilson shirked it under the cover of neutrality, but by the fall of 1916 he began to see the impossibility of continuing to be neutral, and he started to find a formula when in December after his re-election he

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asked of the European belligerents a definition of their war aims. Thereafter his progress was rapid. By April he worked out a formula which seemed sufficient. He proposed American intervention on the side of the Allies for the avowed purpose of building, as the result of intervention, a pacified, restored and democratized Europe. It was an inspiring program which he repeated in his war addresses, which he succeeded in writing into the terms of the armistice and which he sailed to Europe in December, 1918, with the intention of embodying in a solemn compact. But the compact, when it was written out, did not live up to the formula. It combined a Treaty which was determined by European national egotisms and animosities with a League of Nations which was supposed to repair the damage and provide an agency of pacification and stabilization. American military interference instead of making for the creation of a Europe in which imperialism was abolished had only succeeded in making a Europe pervaded by the imperialism of the victors whose possessions were to be guaranteed by American participation in the League of Nations. The American people at the last election rejected this pretended embodiment of the Wilson program by a majority so decisive that its rejection must be considered final.

President Harding in his first message to Congress is not ready to substitute for the Wilson formula a new formula of mediation; but he does elaborate the complicated and apparently contradictory conditions which such a formula must satisfy. He has reached a stage of development in his foreign policy analogous to that of Mr. Wilson when the latter addressed the Senate late in January 1917. He states the conditions as fairly and as fully as could reasonably be expected. The American nation is one member of a coalition which has won a costly victory over a powerful and dangerous enemy; and America's share in this victory is, of course, the most important single consideration in the determination of its policy. Even though the American government did not sign the London agreement, the loyalties created by the companionship in arms and in the final triumph makes a separate peace with Germany obnoxious as a matter of feeling and entirely unsatisfactory as a settlement of the war. President Harding would like, consequently, to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and he proposes a kind of ratification, but he proposes it subject to so many qualifications that ratification almost ceases to ratify. He will have nothing to do with the clauses which set up a League of Nations, not only because, as he thinks, they submit the American nation to a super-government, but because the League is rather "an enforcing agency for the victors in the war" than "an instrument of justice." Nor is he content merely with the reservation about the League. He proposes also to protect American interests "by such explicit reservations and modifications as will secure our absolute freedom from inadvisable commitments."

His proposal to "engage under the existing Treaty" does not, consequently, look like a very well balanced bargain. The American government will ratify in so far as ratification brings with it "confirmation of our rights and interests" but it shies off from any corresponding responsibility for the confirmation of the rights and interests of its companions in arms and in victory. He is offering to France and England an engagement which cannot fail to look one-sided to them—so one-sided that it will be accepted only after negotiation and modification. But there is another aspect to his policy. The exclusive nationalism of the passage we have quoted is supplemented by more generous and disinterested recommendations. He recognizes almost as clearly as Mr. Wilson did that America's obligations to restore to Europe the tranquility which it has lost "because of war's involvements are not less impelling than our part in the war itself." He affirms, as Mr. Wilson affirmed throughout the war, the willingness of America to participate in an "association of nations, based on the application of right and justice, binding us in conference and cooperation for the prevention of war and pointing the way to an international fraternity in which all the world might share." He aspires, as Mr. Wilson aspired, to place American power and good will at the service of Europe. The chief difference is that he is more circumspect than Mr. Wilson finally became about the "sponsorship" which this country might assume for purely European interests by allowing itself to be too deeply entangled in the political consequence of European hatreds and fears. In other respects there is a remarkable and significant parallel between what he now hopes to accomplish by renewed American intervention in Europe and what Mr. Wilson originally hoped to accomplish.

It remains to be seen whether President Harding and Secretary Hughes can invent a formula of mediation which will provide a basis for future political cooperation between America and Europe. The former's first message to Congress is defective in that it does not point a finger towards any promising solution. It only proposes by way of definite action an independent peace with Germany which nevertheless will not separate America from the Allies and ratification of the Treaty so qualified

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that it can scarcely reunite her with them. In devising the indispensable formula President Harding will suffer from some disadvantages which are worse than those from which Mr. Wilson suffered. In order to defeat the Wilson solution, the Republicans overstimulated American native egotism; and when they submit any proposal of their own which looks towards mediation, the virulence of their campaign against the League will tend to make their proposals either ineffective as a solution or unacceptable to American public opinion. They have advertised "American rights and interests" as constituting practically the whole substance of American foreign policy. They are about to adopt a domestic program which implies that in economic relationships what one nation gains another loses. If after all this miseducation they succeed under President Harding's leadership in employing American economic power and political prestige for the benefit of European stability and recovery, they will justify their own claim to superlative statesmanship.

Yet they may attain some measure of success, if they act in the spirit of one assertion of President Harding's. "We can be helpful," he says, "because we are moved by no hatreds and harbor no fears." The comparative freedom of Americans from the hatred and fears which are still distracting Europe does constitute far more than their economic power and political prestige the best guarantee of American ability to assist European recovery. But their own comparative emancipation from hate and fear will not serve Europe unless they undertake the job of assuaging the hatreds and disarming the fears of some of the European peoples.

Hatred and fear are not at the present time diminishing in Europe. They are intensifying. The most irreconcilable and embittered international feud which the world has ever seen since Rome destroyed Carthage is rooting itself in the spirits of Frenchmen and Germans. Unless the American government can bring about some more tolerable relationship between France and Germany, it is a waste of words to talk about an association of nations or the future tranquility and stability of Europe. The success, that is, of the administration in framing a formula which will provide for cooperation between America and Europe is contingent upon a settlement of the new Franco-German war. If war continues between those peoples, as it now seems likely to continue, Europe will soon wear so distracted, miserable and desperate an aspect that the American nation will shrink from the task of going to the assistance of such an unlovely and helpless wreck.

The Maternity Bill

IS there any place for action by the federal government to reduce the risks and vital losses attendant upon child bearing? Yes, declares President Harding. "I assume the maternity bill, already strongly approved, will be enacted promptly, thus adding to our manifestation of human interest." No! shrieks Miss Mary S. Kilbreth, president of that humorous anachronism, the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. "A Senator," she gravely asserts, "reminded his colleagues that if the recent election meant anything it meant to kill this bill. While the Committee on Appropriations has been pleading with the Senate not to pass this bill and trying to defend the debt burdened Treasury and the tax-ridden people, it is a surprise to have President Harding press it." The bill, which makes the Committee on Appropriations plead, carries with it an appropriation of two millions at the outset, gradually to be increased to four millions. That is from one twentieth to one tenth of the cost of a battleship. But we shall not press the question of proportions. In public as in private finance it is well to take care of the pence, especially when nothing can resist the impulse of the pounds to fly out of the window.

Let us first refresh our memories as to the facts of the state of affairs which the maternity bill is designed to improve. They have been long accessible to the public through the hearings on S. 3259 Second Session, Sixty-Sixth Congress and on H. R. 10925 of the Third Session of the same Congress. The latter document is remarkable not only for the clarity and force with which the facts are stated, but also for the exhibition it gives of the motives of the opposition which has succeeded in holding the bill in cold storage for the better part of two years and a half. Those of our readers who are able to maintain a sense of comedy even in the midst of the grimmest and most sickening of realities will find here comic characters who are more perfect specimens of absurdity than even the most talented fiction writers have succeeded in creating. See, for example, the Antivivisectionist Mr. Salomon, with his quaking fear that assistance to women in childbirth might interfere with their "medical liberty." Or certain Massachusetts physicians who argue: "Control by the individual is democracy; control by the state is autocracy, or in other words, socialism. This bill leads to control by the state, or socialism; socialism leads to bolshevism, and bolshevism leads to anarchy."

But to the facts. In the United States, which all of us loyally declare to be the most enlightened

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and the most humane country in the world, 25,000 women die in childbirth every year. Many of these, no doubt, were fated to die, but fully half of them die in consequence of defective care during labor or in a brief period preceding or following labor. When we say defective care we do not contrast it with such care as is received by the women of the prosperous classes, but with such care as could, with proper organization, be given to all. In one district in New York City, through intensive voluntary effort extended to all classes, the death rate of mothers was kept down to nine for 4,496 confinements, or two per thousand as contrasted with eight or more per thousand, the normal rate for the country at large, a rate, which places the United States seventeenth in the list of enlightened nations in respect to protection of child bearing women.

It is a very moderate statement of the case, then, that every year the United States permits between twelve and fifteen thousand women to die needlessly by torture. We will merely touch upon the fears and mental anguish of the immensely greater number of expectant mothers who witness, as it were, the spectacle of this slaughter. For there is another vital loss more imposing because the numbers run into greater figures. That is the loss of children in the first year of life, mostly in the first months, running to 250,000 a year for the whole nation. Here again it must be said that many of these children were destined to perish. No human care can save all babies' lives. But at least 125,000 of those babies perish needlessly because we as a people are too busy making money or too much occupied in denouncing the misrule of foreign countries to take thought of them. The same experiment in voluntary organization which we have mentioned above reduced the deaths of infants under one month from the usual rate of 45 per thousand to 19 per thousand. It is true that in the murder of the innocents the United States does not stand so low as in the murder of the mothers. We are only seventh in the list. But yet we are far the richest of nations, far the best supplied with the means of caring for our children if we had the will.

This is the condition aimed at by the maternity bill, approved by President Harding and disapproved by the president of the National Association supposed to represent the quintessence of womanly womanliness, to speak for the interests of the home and motherhood and the right of little children to light and life. The Anti-suffragists cry out against the dangers of paternalism. There would seem to be a good case for paternalism, when the milk of maternalism turns so sour.

The maternity bill has been attacked as a bureaucratic measure. It is in fact one of the least bureaucratic measures ever put before Congress. It recognizes fully that in a matter so complex as the protection of maternity nothing of great value can be accomplished except through an organization of forces much broader than federal action alone can give. It aims primarily at the cooperation of nation and states. Appropriations from the National Treasury are to be granted only to states meeting the specific requirements as to cooperation. Each state may determine its own methods of operation, and in the nature of the case would enlist the services of local boards of health and of all manner of private organizations and public spirited individuals. The good will and the energies necessary for the protection of maternity and child life must be present in our society, else we have fallen below the morals of barbarism, where no woman in the crisis of child bearing calls in vain upon the help of her sisters. The forces are undoubtedly available; what is vitally necessary is that they should be coordinated and set at work. This the maternity bill promises to do. Why should it not be passed promptly, as President Harding assumes it will be? Two years and a half have gone by without action, and in that time thirty thousand women have died miserably, to no end. Three hundred thousand infant lives have been thrown away. Are we waiting for the impact of seven figures to penetrate the thick integument of our consciences?

But there are knotty problems to be solved. Should the work be done by the Children's Bureau, which has done more than all other agencies combined to make the public realize the need of action, or by the Public Health Service, which has a terminological claim in the premises? Should the Secretary of Agriculture be on the board of administration? These problems may in themselves be worth months of talk, but in the meantime those who have the most powerful conceivable claim upon the interest of the nation are dying by the ten thousand, needlessly.

Harding's Fiscal Policy

ON the fiscal problem President Harding's message is reasonably definite, in spite of the fact that it is confined apparently to generalities. Expenditures, he urges, must be cut to the minimum, but it is evident that he has no hope that a very great reduction in the burden of taxation can be produced in this way. He would have the floating debt and the bonds of early maturity funded, in part, instead of resting with crushing weight upon the annual budget. Nevertheless, expenditures can

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not be kept much below five billions. Harding expects the yield of the customs duties to be increased, but what amount of revenue can thus be secured is wholly unpredictable. It may be inferred that Harding counts upon about a billion from this source. It follows that the internal revenues will have to run up to something like four billions. That is the figure to which Harding commits himself. It is a half billion less than the internal revenue for the last fiscal year.

How much room does that leave for the remission of taxes? Very little indeed. Prices are still on the down grade, and business will hardly weather the year out without encountering financial storms of greater or less severity. If the existing tax laws remained in force they might yield something above the requisite four billions, but there is no certainty that they would. Accordingly sweeping reductions in the income and corporation taxes are not feasible unless other taxes are substituted for them. It has been the dream of the financial writers that a tax on sales might be employed to raise sufficient revenues to make possible a reduction in surtaxes on income as well as the abolition of the profits tax. They would like to shift the burden to the general public. But they will find little comfort in Harding's pronouncements. "The country does not expect and will not approve a shifting of burdens. It is more interested in wiping out the necessity for imposing them and eliminating confusion and cost in the collection." If that means anything at all, it means that the President is not in sympathy with the project of substituting taxes borne by the many for the taxes that rest on the few. The sales tax seems to have little chance of realization.

But how is it possible to avoid some shifting of burdens if "we are committed to the repeal of the excess profits tax and the abolition of inequities and unjustifiable exasperations in the present system?" We assume that Harding does not expect to be too literally interpreted. Quite possibly he has in mind a flat tax on corporate earnings to take the place of the excess profits tax. That would not be interpreted by the general public as a shifting of burdens, although it would operate in the same way. The excess profits tax did not concern those corporations that were just covering their costs and earning a moderate profit besides. Such corporations paid no tax to be added to their prices. A flat tax would affect every corporation in business. It would normally be included in the cost and be charged to the consumer. That is why it is much more popular with business men than the excess profits tax, which rests, as a rule, where it was first placed.

Nothing in the President's message suggests a disposition to develop the tariff as a source of revenue. It is true that he argues that "imports should pay their fair share of the cost of our government." But the revenue principle is obviously subordinate in Harding's mind to the principle of protection. Take, for instance, the item on which he lays particular emphasis, agricultural imports. No one dreams that wheat and meat will be imported over even a moderately high tariff wall. High protection here amounts to prohibition, and the annihilation of revenues. There can be little doubt that Harding would approve the elaboration of the tariff schedules on manufactures in a similar spirit. He admits that we can not sell goods abroad unless we also buy foreign goods, but the tendency of his argument is to minimize the importance of foreign trade. America is to Harding still primarily a home market, in which it is a privilege for foreigners to sell their goods.

There is a remarkable similarity between the fiscal ideas of Harding, as expressed in this message, and those of McKinley's first messages. But we may recall that McKinley's conceptions became broader toward the end of his incumbency. The pressure of facts made him realize that the American home market was too narrow for American destinies. Like McKinley, Harding evinces a candid, if limited mind. Just now he thinks that it is possible to find an ideal policy of protection, "resisting that selfishness which turns to greed, but ever concerned with that productivity at home which is the source of all abiding good fortune." In the course of the "maturer revision of our tariff laws" he will learn many things about greed masquerading as productivity. He may learn them too late. But from this first message one derives the impression that in fiscal matters whatever influence President Harding exerts will be exerted on the side of moderation.

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The Church and Industry *

BOTH in Great Britain and in America the Churches have recently made several attempts to restate the social implications of the Christian Faith in terms applicable to the economic life of modern industrial civilization. Of those attempts the Report on The Church and Industrial Problems, issued by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, is the most successful known to me. Quite apart from the difficulties of securing any agreement about philosophical and historical problems, the practical difficulty of producing any adequate statement on the subject is considerable. There is the tradition which causes the official interpreters of Christianity to express themselves in language so colorless as to apply to everything in general and nothing in particular. There is the desire to avoid giving pain to "good" persons. Good persons have a very poor time of it in the New Testament—if I remember rightly, they are addressed as a generation of vipers—and they appear to have ever since been taking their revenge for what they would probably regard as the unchristian reticence of those remarks by smiting with paralysis—"a dumb devil"—most subsequent exponents of Christian ethics.

There is also the fear of being supposed to "take sides" by the mere expression of an opinion upon contemporary issues—as though silence were not often the worst kind of teaching, as though there were anything more "unbiased" in tacitly endorsing the status quo than in working for a revolution! There is the fear of being thought worldly, which has led many writers, and still more preachers, to talk as though religion were profaned by being brought into contact with the economic interests which occupy three-quarters of the time of nine-tenths of mankind.

Finally there is the fear of being thought unworldly. Some of the children of light are so anxious to be practical that they scamp the Christian philosophy of social conduct which ought to be their special contribution and produce programs of "social reform" which, though often excellent in themselves, have no intellectual or moral foundation. That fault, from which the Report of the Anglican Committee on Christianity and Industrial Problems was not wholly free, is the most insidious of all. The world has gone mad about technicalities, and the technicalities of social reform even more than anything else. But it is precisely the disposition to treat the relations of men to men and the conduct of human beings in society as a technical problem, to be solved by the ingenious devices of social engineers, which is part of the moral disease to be exorcised by the exponents of the Christian tradition. What is needed is, in short, a blow at the heart, a criticism of the whole body of moral assumptions upon which our economic civilization reposes. No amount of nibbling at the circumference will excuse the Churches in the day of judgment for having failed to deliver it.

The Report produced by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook has faced those difficulties and has overcome most of them. It does not begin by asking what reforms are desirable, and then proceed to attach the label of Christianity to them. It starts by inquiring what kind of life the acceptance of the Christian Faith involves, and, having defined it, considers the changes which are needed in order that it may be made an actuality. The conventional view that "business is business," and that religion has as little to do with questions of economic activity and industrial organization and social institutions as with the higher mathematics, is dismissed in a few curt sentences as too obviously preposterous to need any lengthy refutation. So also is that version of Christianity—the dregs of Puritanism with the body of it left out—which regards religion as a kind of private understanding between the individual soul and God, and treats the whole human environment of social institutions by which the individual soul is moulded, not as steps in its painful progress to a fuller vision, but as something alien and irrelevant, the sphere of the letter which killeth and of the righteousness of

*The book on which this article is based is The Church and Industrial Reconstruction, published by The Association Press, New York City. The volume is the third of a series of reports issued by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, an interdenominational group appointed by the joint action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the General War-Time Commission of the Churches "to consider the state of religion as revealed or affected by the war, with special reference to the duty or opportunity of the Churches." The work has been carried on by such men as President W. H. P. Faunce, Rev. William Adams Brown, Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Rev. J. Howard Melish, Rev. Frank Mason North, Professor Herbert N. Shenton, Professor Alva W. Taylor and Professor W. E. Hocking.

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works which lulls the spirit into the slumber of death.

"Mankind *in all its relations* must be organized according to the will of God, as revealed in Christ. The *entire social order* must be Christianized. The world *as a whole* is the subject of redemption. . . . By the kingdom Jesus means a *social order*, which is not merely of man's devising, but which it is God's purpose to *establish in the world*, and of which he is the head. It is such a society as will naturally result when all men's wills are conformed to the ideals which he has revealed."

I have italicized certain phrases, because in these matters it is the initial assumptions which are the crucial thing. The assumption of the age in which our industrial system took shape was that the relations between men are properly determined by economic considerations, and by economic considerations alone. And that assumption still governs it. Broadly speaking and allowing for exceptions, the mediæval view of society was that the parts found their meaning in some supernatural reference. Broadly speaking and allowing for exceptions, the modern view of society is that it is an economic mechanism which appeals, when challenged, to the criterion of economic efficiency. I am not discussing the merits of these two views; there was plenty which was odious in the first, and which is good in the second. I am only concerned to define their characteristics. Dr. Figgis says somewhere that the separation of political thought from religion, which took place (roughly) in the sixteenth century, is one of the capital revolutions through which the human spirit has passed. The same can be said with equal truth of the divorce of economic thought from religion, which developed at about the same time. It is not to be denied, whatever one's opinion about the fact may be, that the characteristic and mark of modern economic societies is the attempt to organize society with reference primarily, and sometimes purely, to economic considerations. On such a view the rule of life—the final answer to all criticisms,—is economic expediency. Religion may properly act as a councilor to the individual conscience and as a stretcher bearer for the wounded. But it does not imply the preference of one type of social order to another. When the Churches express an opinion upon social institutions or industrial organization or economic conduct, they are merely expressing the private judgments of certain well-meaning, but usually inexpert, individuals; they are not speaking ex cathedra, and the matters do not concern them, as Churches, at all.

That is one view, and, it seems to me, a common view, of the relations between the Churches and society. Whether one accepts it depends, I suppose, partly, upon whether one likes the kind of society which it produces, partly upon one's view as to religion. What is quite certain is that no Christian can accept it. In the first place, as the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook points out, it is diametrically opposed to the source to which all Christian bodies appeal, the view of life presented in the New Testament. In the second place, it is inconsistent with the teaching of the Christian Churches themselves down at any rate to the seventeenth century. Whatever the practice may have been—and the practice of men is usually a long way behind their principles—the theory that religion was not itself a departmental thing, but that other aspects of life were departments within it, has a body of tradition behind it which makes the attempt to confine Christianity to what is called personal conduct appear merely a bad modern fashion. In the third place one must judge it by its results, and experience does not appear to lend any support to the view (which, after all is,—to put it mildly—paradoxical) that the spiritual life of the individual is best assisted by surrendering his environment to a ruthless economic egotism.

Starting from the position that "the entire social order must be Christianized," the Report on The Church and Industrial Reconstruction proceeds to lay down certain fundamental principles of social organization and to test how far they are realized in the existing order. They are, to put them summarily, the sacredness of human personality, brotherhood, and the duty of service. "Material values are always to be secondary to human values:" "industry in its primary and central significance is social service." Such principles can hardly be stated without appearing at once trite and general: the important question is the verdict passed on the existing industrial system in the light of them. The verdict of the Report is, on the whole, much the same as that of the Labor Movement. It amounts to a statement that in modern industry men are treated not as men, but as servants, animate tools, that wealth is distributed on no moral principle but by a struggle which gives the largest share to the group or individual with the strongest economic pull, that some of those who direct it enjoy a power which no human being is fit to exercise, and that the mass of workers, while possessing little of the control over the material conditions of their own lives which is of the essence of practical freedom, carry on their backs a small class which get much and give little or nothing.

All this, though effectively put, is familiar.

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What is significant is that the Report, unlike some similar documents, finds itself committed to the view that what is needed is not merely the removal of particular evils, but a radical change in the system. "The pursuit of private profits, which is the basis of our present system, results in a propertied and propertyless class, whose economic interests are largely opposed. Those who possess the natural resources, on which all men depend, and who can control them for their private gain, try to get other men to work for them for as little as possible. Owner and workers, therefore, contend with each other for the surplus margin that will go into wages and into profit. The resulting mutual antagonism, which we deprecate as a denial of Christianity, cannot be adequately understood apart from the cleavage of interests, under our practically unregulated pursuit of private gain, between those who are now the possessors of productive wealth and the dispossessed."

One lays down even so admirable a document as this report with some uncertainty as to what its effect will be. And that feeling is partly the result, perhaps, of uncertainty as to the ways in which the Christian Churches can, in fact, help to realize the kind of principles for which they stand. There are several ways in which a church acts upon the social mind of a community. It is a teaching body. It occupies a status of public influence and weight, and by conferences and manifestoes can help to mould public opinion. In both capacities it can contribute a stream of thought and inspiration, the effect of which may be slow, but can hardly help, in the long run, to be considerable. It would be more considerable if the Churches were better equipped for their task. The situation is possibly not the same in America as in England. But in the latter country any observer must be impressed by the disability under which the Church of England labors in coping with questions which concern, or ought to concern, the Christian conscience, through its mere lack of any permanent machinery for grappling with them. What it needs is a "thinking department," a staff of officers whose duty it is to collect and systematize information and to supply the leaders of the Church with the knowledge needed if they are to speak with effect. At present it appoints committees when occasion arises. But improvized opinions are rarely effective. If it is to make a success of its recently won measure of self-government, if it is to speak with any authority on international or economic questions, it must create an organ to accumulate, sift and criticize the material necessary to the formation of a reasoned judgment.

R. H. TAWNEY.

The New Mr. Hughes

ONE of two things, either seemingly improbable: This country has contemplated a fictitious Hughes in the fifteen or twenty years since he appeared on the New York horizon as counsel in the gas and insurance investigations, or Hughes has been humanized, to use Postmaster-General Hays' favorite official word, since he left the Supreme Court to make an almost sure thing race for the greatest political prize, and went sprawling at the wire.

For the Hughes who is performing in Washington as Secretary of State—with results that recall to some minds the witticism of the 1916 campaign that the only difference between Wilson and Hughes was Hughes' whiskers—is not the Hughes we have heard and read about. Everybody's picture of the storied Hughes is about the same. He is a political and legal Stonewall Jackson. He has a conscience that talks only with God. He is cold and austere. He does not bend from the appointed way. He drives ahead according to the law and the prophets. And he looks the part. The straight, high forehead; the straight, cut-water nose; the straight, black hair—all rigidity, as becomes a Stonewall Jackson. He is the Covenanter of the Twentieth Century. That is the Hughes picture in the American mind; and it is an inaccurate picture—today, anyhow.

The Hughes in Washington is no Stonewall Jackson, unless far down under the skin. He has only that sureness of conviction which is to be expected of the able, conventional mind, highly trained. He does not appear the man who comes out of his closet with his path shining clear before kindled eyes. Pray he probably does, but also quite patently he keeps an ear to the ground. And while it would be stretching the point to say that he is companionable in the time-honored politician's way, it would not be so great a stretching of the point as to say that he lives up to his advance notices in coldness and austerity. Drive ahead, according to the law and the prophets, as forecast, he may, but if so, he gives in these first days of the new administration a most excellent representation of one very deliberate in deciding what is the law and who are the prophets, in the matter of a fundamental foreign policy. In short, a human being, American born and bred, of the year one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-one.

Take him at a session with the newspapermen covering the State Department. The door of the office of the Secretary of State opens quickly, and a man of average stature, not the tall, slender, military figure one imagines from the Hughes news-

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paper pictures, strides rapidly across the corridor to the room where the reporters are gathered. There is a snappy, up-to-the-minute, Rotary Club sort of "How are you." And if there is real news to print, it is imparted by Mr. Hughes instanter, with an impact. He is making public an important state note. Very well, he fixes his glasses and begins reading a copy of the note in incisive tones, accompanied by emphatic gestures. A significant, possibly a subtle, phrase in the note is marked by a tensing voice, an outshooting fist, and a penetrating glance that plumbs the eyes and mind of, say, the New York Times reporter. Has the Times reporter got the point? Mr. Hughes makes up his mind, and goes on.

Another reporter puts a question about the note that the average citizen would ask. He wants to answer in his story the question the average citizen will ask when he reads the Hughes note. That starts the game. Questions pop all around. If Mr. Hughes feels that he can properly answer any of the questions he does so. Standing in the midst of the reporters, no taller than most of them, his eyes on a level with theirs, he swings from one to the other like a youth, answering in plain United States that usually leaves no ground for a follow-up question. Suppose he feels that he cannot answer officially, but may do so unofficially and not for direct quotation. He states that fact clearly, and passes directly into the unquotable answers. No severer test of a public man's human quality than handling that kind of thing. Hughes handles it. But if he cannot answer, officially or unofficially, then what? He looks straight into the face of the reporter who asked the question, and says he cannot answer it, or is not ready to do so, adding perhaps some pleasantry like, "Sufficient unto the day is the decision thereof." And off he goes.

Most reporters like him. They think he does business in a business way. If there is no news, it would seem to make little difference from whom the reporters get that information. Yet, it would not be hard to find reporters who would much prefer to get no news from Secretary Hughes than from Under-Secretary Fletcher, who is never called cold and austere. The reason is that someone told Mr. Fletcher, once upon a time, that reporters are people to whom one says clever things, and with whom one laughs frequently. But it happens that most of the reporters covering the State Department look as if they do the family marketing. And for steady trading at the State Department, Mr. Hughes with his one price methods, his standardization of goods into three grades—the "yes" grade, the "no" grade, and the "can't say" grade—has distinct merits.

What is the answer? Was Hughes a regular human being in the days when people were fastening in their minds a picture of a Stonewall Jackson? Or has he been humanized since he took that 1916 tumble, and began going into court and saying "May it please Your Honor" to Tammany judges and others no better? Maybe it is 50-50. But there is one circumstance that inclines judgment to at least 75 to 25 in favor of the latter day humanization. That circumstance is Mr. Hughes' looks. Recall the newspaper pictures—the perfectly brushed hair, the perfectly trimmed whiskers, the perfectly fitting Piccadilly collar, the perfectly set four-in-hand tie, the clothes of modish dignity. And see now, in contrast with that recollection, Charles Evans Hughes' get-up as Secretary of State, a get-up that belongs more nearly in the class of William Jennings Bryan than in that of Colby, Lansing, Knox, Root and Hay.

Instead of the ample and orderly black hair of the pictures, there are vacant spots on top of the head and commonplace tufts of gray. The luxuriantly militant black whiskers have given way to a remnant-looking, whitish thatch around the chin, and once in a while the balance of the lower face has not had early morning attention from the barber. And, in the matter of clothes, that fearsomely proper Piccadilly collar of the old pictures has been replaced by a flattish, almost Rooseveltian, turnover collar, the utterly exact four-in-hand by one that shows an inclination to slouch, and Mr. Hughes occasionally appears in a sack suit that could be pressed without waste of time or money. Not at all the fitting embodiment of the coldly functioning mental and moral machine is the physical Hughes of the present. Something has happened to change him.

Still, it may not have been his public experiences and his private heartburnings since 1916. Maybe he has become a grandfather or something.

JOHN W. OWENS.

Bronze Trumpets and Sea Water

On Turning Latin Verse into English Verse.

Alembics turn to stranger things
Strange things: but never while we live
Shall magic turn this bronze that sings
To singing water in a sieve.

The trumpeteers of Caesar's guard
Salute his rigorous bastions
With ordered bruit: the bronze is hard
Though there is silver in the bronze.

Our mutable tongue is like the sea,
Curled wave, and shattering thunder-fit:
Dangle in strings of sand shall he
Who smooths the ripples out of it!

ELINOR WYLIE.

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Lord Melbourne and Victoria (II)

[This is the fifth of a series of eleven articles, taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria, which are now appearing in The New Republic.]

THE months flew past. The summer was over: "The pleasantest summer I *ever* passed in *my life,* and I shall never forget this first summer of my Reign." With surprising rapidity, another summer was upon her. The Coronation came and went—a curious dream. The antique, intricate, endless ceremonial worked itself out as best it could, like some machine of gigantic complexity which was a little out of order. The small central figure went through her gyrations. She sat, she walked, she prayed; she carried about an orb that was almost too heavy to hold; the Archbishop of Canterbury came and crushed a ring upon the wrong finger, so that she was ready to cry out with the pain; old Lord Rolle tripped up in his mantle and fell down the steps as he was doing homage; she was taken into a side chapel, where the altar was covered with a table-cloth, sandwiches, and bottles of wine; she perceived Lehzen in an upper box and exchanged a smile with her as she sat, robed and crowned, on the Confessor's throne. "I shall ever remember this day as the *proudest* of my life," she noted. But the pride was soon merged once more in youth and simplicity. When she returned to Buckingham Palace at last she was not tired; she ran up to her private rooms, doffed her splendors, and gave her dog Dash its evening bath.

. . .

The Queen had for long been haunted by a terror that the day might come when she would be obliged to part with her Minister. Ever since the passage of the Reform Bill, the power of the Whig government had steadily declined. The General Election of 1837 had left them with a very small majority in the House of Commons; since then, they had been in constant difficulties—abroad, at home, in Ireland; the Radical group had grown hostile; it became highly doubtful how much longer they could survive. The Queen watched the development of events in great anxiety. She was a Whig by birth, by upbringing, by every association, public and private; and, even if those ties had never existed, the mere fact that Lord M. was the head of the Whigs would have amply sufficed to determine her politics. The fall of the Whigs would mean a sad upset for Lord M. But it would have a still more terrible consequence: Lord M. would have to leave her; and the daily, the hourly, presence of Lord M. had become an integral part of her life. Six months after her accession, she had noted in her diary "I shall be very sorry to lose him *even* for *one* night"; and this feeling of personal dependence on her Minister steadily increased. In these circumstances, it was natural that she should have become a Whig partisan. Of the wider significance of political questions she knew nothing; all she saw was that her friends were in office and about her, and that it would be dreadful if they ceased to be so. "I cannot say," she wrote when a critical division was impending, "(though I feel *confident* of *our success*) *how low, how sad* I feel, when I think of the *possibility* of this excellent and truly kind man not remaining my Minister! Yet I trust fervently that *He* who has so wonderfully protected me through such manifold difficulties will not *now* desert me! I should have liked to have expressed to Lord M. my anxiety, but the tears were nearer than words throughout the time I saw him, and I felt I should have choked, had I attempted to say anything." Lord Melbourne realized clearly enough how undesirable was such a state of mind in a constitutional sovereign who might be called upon at any moment to receive as her Ministers the leaders of the opposite party; he did what he could to cool her ardor; but in vain.

With considerable lack of foresight, too, he had himself helped to bring about this unfortunate condition of affairs. From the moment of her accession, he had surrounded the Queen with ladies of his own party; the Mistress of the Robes and all the Ladies of the Bedchamber were Whigs. In the ordinary course the Queen never saw a Tory: eventually she took pains never to see one in any circumstances. She disliked the whole tribe; and she did not conceal the fact. She particularly disliked Sir Robert Peel, who would almost certainly be the next Prime Minister. His manners were detestable, and he wanted to turn out Lord M. His supporters, without exception, were equally bad; and as for Sir James Graham, she could not bear the sight of him; he was exactly like Sir John Conroy.*

The affair of Lady Flora† intensified these party rumors still further. The Hastings were

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* An intimate counsellor of Victoria's mother. Victoria had banished him from her presence.

†Lady Flora Hastings, one of the maids of honor of Victoria's mother. Victoria was supposed to have insulted her.

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Tories, and Lord Melbourne and the Court were attacked by the Tory press in unmeasured language. The Queen's sectarian zeal proportionately increased. But the dreaded hour was now fast approaching. Early in May the Ministers were visibly tottering; on a vital point of policy they could only secure a majority of five in the House of Commons; they determined to resign. When Victoria heard the news, she burst into tears. Was it possible, then, that all was over? Was she indeed about to see Lord M. for the last time? Lord M. came; and it is a curious fact that, even in this crowning moment of misery and agitation, the precise girl noted, to the minute, the exact time of the arrival and the departure of her beloved Minister. The conversation was touching and prolonged; but it could only end in one way—the Queen must send for the Duke of Wellington. When, next morning, the Duke came, he advised her Majesty to send for Sir Robert Peel. She was in "a state of dreadful grief," but she swallowed down her tears, and braced herself, with royal resolution, for the odious, odious interview.

Peel was by nature reserved, proud, and shy. His manners were not perfect, and he knew it; he was easily embarrassed, and, at such moments, he grew even more stiff and formal than before, while his feet mechanically performed upon the carpet a dancing-master's measure. Anxious as he now was to win the Queen's good graces, his very anxiety to do so made the attainment of his object the more difficult. He entirely failed to make any headway whatever with the haughty hostile girl before him. She coldly noted that he appeared to be unhappy and "put out," and, while he stood in painful fixity, with an occasional uneasy pointing of the toe, her heart sank within her at the sight of that manner, "Oh! how different, how dreadfully different, to the frank, open, natural and most kind warm manner of Lord Melbourne." Nevertheless, the audience passed without disaster. Only at one point had there been some slight hint of a disagreement. Peel had decided that a change would be necessary in the composition of the royal Household: the Queen must no longer be entirely surrounded by the wives and sisters of his opponents; some, at any rate, of the Ladies of the Bedchamber should be friendly to his government. When this matter was touched upon, the Queen had intimated that she wished her Household to remain unchanged; to which Sir Robert had replied that the question could be settled later, and shortly afterwards withdrew, to arrange the details of his Cabinet. While he was present, Victoria had remained, as she herself said, "Very much collected, civil and high, and betrayed no agitation"; but as soon as she was alone, she completely broke down. Then she pulled herself together, to write to Lord Melbourne an account of all that had happened, and of her own wretchedness. "She feels," she said, "Lord Melbourne will understand it, amongst enemies to those she most relied on and most esteemed; but what is worst of all is the being deprived of seeing Lord Melbourne as she used to do."

Lord Melbourne replied with a very wise letter. He attempted to calm the Queen and to induce her to accept the new position gracefully; and he had nothing but good words for the Tory leaders. As for the question of the Ladies of the Household, the Queen, he said, should strongly urge what she desired, as it was a matter which concerned her personally, "But," he added, "if Sir Robert is unable to concede it, it will not do to refuse and to put off the negociation upon it."

On this point there can be little doubt that Lord Melbourne was right. The question was a complicated and subtle one, and it had never arisen before; but subsequent constitutional practice has determined that a Queen Regent must accede to the wishes of her Prime Minister as to the personnel of the female part of her Household. Lord Melbourne's wisdom, however, was wasted. The Queen would not be soothed, and still less would she take advice. It was outrageous of the Tories to want to deprive her of her Ladies, and that night she made up her mind that, whatever Sir Robert might say, she would refuse to consent to the removal of a single one of them. Accordingly, when, next morning, Peel appeared again, she was ready for action. He began by detailing the Cabinet appointments, and then he added, "Now, ma'am, about the Ladies"—when the Queen sharply interrupted him. "I cannot give up *any* of my Ladies," she said. "What, ma'am," said Sir Robert, "does your Majesty mean to retain them *all*?" "All," said the Queen. Sir Robert's face worked strangely; he could not conceal his agitation. "The Mistress of the Robes and the Ladies of the Bedchamber?" he brought out at last. *"All,"* replied once more her Majesty. It was in vain that Peel pleaded and argued; in vain that he spoke, growing every moment more pompous and uneasy, of the Constitution, and Queens Regnant, and the Public Interest; in vain that he danced his pathetic minuet. She was adamant; but he, too, through all his embarrassment, showed no sign of yielding; and when at last he left her, nothing had been decided,—the whole formation of the government was hanging in the wind. A frenzy of excitement now seized upon Victoria. Sir Robert, she believed in her fury, had tried to outwit her, to take her

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friends from her, to impose his will upon her own; but that was not all: she had suddenly perceived while the poor man was moving so uneasily before her, the one thing that she was desperately longing for—a loophole of escape. She seized a pen and dashed off a note to Lord Melbourne.

"Sir Robert has behaved very ill," she wrote, "he insisted on my giving up my Ladies, to which I replied that I *never* would consent, and I never saw a man so frightened . . . I was calm but very decided, and I think you would have been pleased to see my composure and great firmness; the Queen of England will not submit to such trickery. Keep yourself in readiness, for you may soon be wanted." Hardly had she finished, when the Duke of Wellington was announced. "Well, Ma'am," he said as he entered, "I am very sorry to find there is a difficulty." "Oh!" she instantly replied, "*He* began it, not me." She felt that only one thing now was needed: she must be firm. And firm she was. The venerable conqueror of Napoleon was outfaced by the relentless equanimity of a girl in her teens. He could not move the Queen one inch. At last, she even ventured to rally him. "Is Sir Robert so weak," she asked, "that even the Ladies must be of his opinion?" On which the Duke made a brief and humble expostulation, bowed low, and departed.

Had she won? Time would show; and in the meantime she scribbled down another letter. "Lord Melbourne must not think the Queen rash in her conduct. . . . The Queen felt this was an attempt to see whether she could be led and managed like a child." The Tories were not only wicked but ridiculous. Peel, having, as she understood, expressed a wish to remove only those members of the Household who were in Parliament, now objected to her Ladies. "I should like to know," she exclaimed in triumphant scorn, "if they mean to give the *Ladies* seats in Parliament."

The end of the crisis was now fast approaching. Sir Robert returned, and told her that if she insisted upon retaining all her Ladies, he could not form a government. She replied that she would send him her final decision in writing. Next morning, the late Whig Cabinet met. Lord Melbourne read to them the Queen's letters, and the group of elderly politicians were overcome by an extraordinary wave of enthusiasm. They knew very well that, to say the least, it was highly doubtful whether the Queen had acted in strict accordance with the constitution; that in doing what she had done she had brushed aside Lord Melbourne's advice, that, in reality, there was no public reason whatever why they should go back upon their decision to resign. But such considerations vanished before the passionate urgency of Victoria. The intensity of her determination swept them headlong down the stream of her desire. They unanimously felt that "it was impossible to abandon such a Queen and such a woman." Forgetting that they were no longer Her Majesty's Ministers, they took the unprecedented course of advising the Queen by letter to put an end to her negotiation with Sir Robert Peel. She did so; all was over; she had triumphed. That evening there was a ball at the Palace. Everyone was present. "Peel and the Duke of Wellington came by, looking very much put out." She was perfectly happy; Lord M. was Prime Minister once more, and he was by her side.*

. . .

In spite of the dullness and the formality of the Court, Lord Melbourne's relationship with the Queen had come to be the dominating interest in his life; to have been deprived of it would have been heartrending; that dread eventuality had been—somehow—avoided; he was installed once more, in a kind of triumph; let him enjoy the fleeting hours to the full! And so, cherished by the favor of a sovereign and warmed by the adoration of a girl, the autumn rose, in those autumn months of 1839, came to a wondrous blooming. The petals expanded, beautifully, for the last time. For the last time, in this unlooked-for, this incongruous, this almost incredible intercourse, the old epicure tasted the exquisiteness of romance. To watch, to teach, to restrain, to encourage the royal young creature beside him—that was much; to feel with such a constant intimacy the impact of her quick affection, her radiant vitality—that was more; most of all, perhaps, was it good to linger vaguely in humorous contemplation, in idle apostrophe, to talk disconnectedly, to make a little joke about an apple or a furbelow, to dream. The springs of his sensibility, hidden deep within him, were overflowing. Often, as he bent over her hand and kissed it, he found himself in tears.

Upon Victoria, with all her impermeability, it was inevitable that such a companionship should have produced, eventually, an effect. She was no

*The exclamation "They wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England!" often quoted as the Queen's is apocryphal. It is merely part of Greville's summary of the two letters to Melbourne, printed in Letters, pp 162-3. It may be noted that the phrase "the Queen of England will not submit to such trickery" is omitted in Girlhood, p. 169; and in general there are numerous verbal discrepancies between the versions of the journal and the letters in the two books.

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longer the simple schoolgirl of two years since. The change was visible even in her public demeanor. Her expression, once "ingenuous and sweet," now appeared to a shrewd observer to be "bold and discontented." She had learnt something of the pleasures of power, and the pains of it; but that was not all. Lord Melbourne with his gentle instruction had sought to lead her into the paths of wisdom and moderation, but the whole unconscious movement of his character had swayed her in a very different direction. The hard clear pebble, subjected for so long and so constantly to that encircling and insidious fluidity, had suffered a curious corrosion; it seemed to be actually growing a little soft and a little clouded. Humanity and fallibility are infectious things; was it possible that Lehzen's prim pupil had caught them? That she was beginning to listen to siren voices? That the secret impulses of self-expression, of self-indulgence even, were mastering her life? For a moment, the child of a new age looked back, and wavered toward the eighteenth century. It was the most critical moment of her career. Had those influences lasted, the development of her character, the history of her life, would have been completely altered.

And why should they not last? She, for one, was very anxious that they should. Let them last for ever! She was surrounded by Whigs, she was free to do whatever she wanted, she had Lord M.; she could not believe that she could ever be happier. Any change would be for the worse; and the worst change of all . . . . no, she would not hear of it; it would be quite intolerable, it would upset everything, if she were to marry. And yet everyone seemed to want her to—the general public, the Ministers, her Saxe-Coburg relations—it was always the same story. Of course, she knew very well that there were excellent reasons for it. For one thing, if she remained childless, and were to die, her uncle Cumberland, who was now the King of Hanover, would succeed to the Throne of England. That, no doubt, would be a most unpleasant event; and she entirely sympathized with everybody who wished to avoid it. But there was no hurry; naturally, she would marry in the end—but not just yet—not for three or four years. What was tiresome was that her uncle Leopold had apparently determined, not only that she ought to marry, but that her cousin Albert ought to be her husband. That was like her uncle Leopold, who wanted to have a finger in every pie; and it was true that long ago, in far-off days, before her accession even, she had written to him in a way which might well have encouraged him in such a notion. She had told him then that Albert possessed "every quality that could be desired to render her perfectly happy," and had begged her "dearest uncle to take care of the health of one, now *so dear* to me, and to take him under *your special* protection," adding "I hope and trust all will go on prosperously and well on this subject of so much importance to me." But that had been years ago, when she was a mere child; perhaps, indeed, to judge from the language, the letter had been dictated by Lehzen; at any rate, her feelings, and all the circumstances, had now entirely changed. Albert hardly interested her at all.

In later life the Queen declared that she had never for a moment dreamt of marrying anyone but her cousin; her letters and diaries tell a very different story. On August 26th, 1837, she wrote in her Journal "Today is my *dearest* cousin Albert's 18th birthday, and I pray Heaven to pour its choicest blessings on his beloved head!" In the subsequent years, however, the date passes unnoticed. It had been arranged that Stockmar should accompany the Prince to Italy, and the faithful Baron left her side for that purpose. He wrote to her more than once with sympathetic descriptions of his young companion; but her mind was by this time made up. She liked and admired Albert very much, but she did not want to marry him. "At present," she told Lord Melbourne in April, 1839, "*my* feeling is quite against ever marrying." When her cousin's Italian tour came to an end, she began to grow nervous; she knew that according to a long-standing engagement his next journey would be to England. He would probably arrive in the autumn, and by July her uneasiness was intense. She determined to write to her uncle, in order to make her position clear. It must be understood, she said, that "there is *no engagement* between us." If she should like Albert, she could "make *no final promise this year,* for, at the *very earliest,* any such event could not take place till *two or three years hence.*" She had, she said, "a *great* repugnance" to change her present position; and, if she should not like him, she was "*very* anxious that it should be understood that she would *not* be guilty of any breach of promise, for she *never gave any.*" To Lord Melbourne, she was more explicit. She told him that she "had no great wish to see Albert, as the whole subject was an odious one"; she hated to have to decide about it; and she repeated once again that seeing Albert would be a "disagreeable thing." But there was no escaping the horrid business; the visit must be made, and she must see him. The summer slipped by and was over; it was the autumn already; on the evening of October 10th

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Albert, accompanied by his brother Ernest, arrived at Windsor.

Albert arrived, and the whole structure of her existence crumbled into nothingness like a house of cards. He was beautiful—she gasped—she knew no more. Then, in a flash, a thousand mysteries were revealed to her; the past, the present, rushed upon her with a new significance; the delusions of years were abolished, and an extraordinary, an irresistible certitude leapt into being in the light of those blue eyes, the smile of that lovely mouth. The succeeding hours passed in a rapture. She was able to observe a few more details—the "exquisite nose," the "delicate moustachios and slight but very slight whiskers," the "beautiful figure, broad in the shoulders and a fine waist." She rode with him, danced with him, talked with him, and it was all perfection. She had no shadow of a doubt. He had come on a Thursday evening, and on the following Sunday morning she told Lord Melbourne that she had a "good deal changed her opinion as to marrying." Next morning, she told him that she had made up her mind to marry Albert. The morning after that, she sent for her cousin. She received him alone, and "after a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware *why* I wished them to come here—and that it would make me *too happy* if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me)." Then "we embraced each other, and he was *so* kind, *so* affectionate." She said that she was quite unworthy of him, while he murmured that he would be very happy "Das Leben mit dir zuzubringen." They parted, and she felt "the happiest of human beings," when Lord M. came in. At first, she beat about the bush, and talked of the weather, and indifferent subjects. Somehow or other she felt a little nervous with her old friend. At last, summoning up her courage, she said "I have got well through this with Albert." "Oh you have," said Lord M.*

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be continued.*)

*Greville's statement (Nov. 27, 1839) that "The Queen settled everything about her marriage herself, and without consulting Melbourne at all on the subject, not even communicating to him her intention," has no foundation in fact. The Queen's Journal proves that she consulted Melbourne at every point.

McCarthy of Wisconsin

CHARLES McCARTHY is dead, but his varied and picturesque personality has made a deep mark in American life.

He was perhaps the most original and interesting figure of the early Progressive movement. His particular contribution to the progressive idea of government was, of course, the creation of the Legislative Reference Department of the State of Wisconsin. This invention was the result of his watching the inexpert German, Norwegian, backwoods legislators trying ineffectually to frame their ideas into the exacting forms of law. One day, back in 1900, McCarthy noticed an old farmer assemblyman, with his lambswool coat and red-wristed mittens, wander into the library in search of the information that would help him turn some definite but home-made scheme for farm improvement into a bill that would resist the destructive fire of lawyers. The librarian handed him three or four large volumes, somewhere within which was buried what he wanted to know. Clumsily he sat down before them at a table, looked at them long and hopelessly, then with a sigh carried them back again, unopened.

McCarthy's quick sympathy for this simple man's perplexity set fire to his imagination. He had seen many other legislators in the same predicament. Representative government was then the big issue in the state. Legislators sent to Madison by the people could not command highly priced lawyers to draw up their bills, and in this the corporations had them at a disadvantage. Farmers had long since learned to be suspicious of law sharps who haunted the corridors and made over-friendly offers of help. What these legislators needed was a trained servant to do their research and bill drafting for them. Encouraged by Governor La Follette, it did not take McCarthy long to establish, up under the eaves of the Capitol, where the pine boards of his improvised office seemed to the farmer legislator something hospitable and friendly in the midst of those marble halls, a system which translated crude ideas into finished measures, legally watertight. McCarthy knew his plan would stand or fall according to the confidence it inspired in the legislature. So he made impartiality a cardinal rule—indeed at one time, when under criticism by the water power

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lobby, he volunteered to draft, for any legislator who wanted it, a bill to abolish his own department. This impartial service of technical skill to lay legislators was expanded; more and more experts were added to it, so that it became an essential instrument of government. And it continued to grow in McCarthy's mind until at last he had a plan for making the results of scientific research available to every branch of government in America. Here, too, was the laboratory where he himself always found new things to learn, and in which he taught his students—as a close friend, Mr. Louis Wehle, has said—the "endless task of trying to fit government justly to human life."

This invention, in itself a life's work, represents only part of McCarthy's varied activity. His whole career is a record of intense experience. Born in Brockton, Massachusetts, in 1873, the son of an Irish immigrant, a worker in a shoe factory,—the bitter strikes, the scarcely civilized industrialism of those days made a lasting impression upon him. At fourteen he ran away from home, shipped before the mast, worked around docks, on farms, in factories, finally got a job shifting scenes in a theatre. This led to scene painting. It was while working as a stage manager that he became a student at Brown University. When not earning his living, or studying politics or economics, he was playing football. McCarthy was an all-American back for two years, and was the first Brown man ever to cross the line against Yale or Harvard. Then came the Spanish war. Though rejected for physical reasons, McCarthy went to Florida, and was actually aboard a transport when he was found out and put ashore. Next we find him studying law at the University of Georgia, and making a living there by coaching the football team.

His wanderings stopped at Wisconsin. By race and nature a fighter, here was a proper battlefield for him. In those days, under La Follette's governorship, Wisconsin was a political Mecca to which travelled many to see the difficult process of two and a half million people coming into control of their own fate. The years following 1900 were years in which, step by step, statute by statute, the "Wisconsin Idea" of intelligent regulation of the "interests," of human stupidity or selfishness, worked itself out. From his position at the strategic centre of the Legislative Reference Library, McCarthy had a finger in every pie, a fist in every fight. In the passage of practically all Wisconsin's progressive legislation during those years—in the direct primary, pure food, workmen's compensation, public health, conservation, water-power, anti-lobby, state bank regulation, insurance, inheritance and income tax laws—he played a large part.

But McCarthy's interests were much more than merely legal. All progress was his province. Most of the credit for the Wisconsin farm marketing bureau goes to him. Though long at work on it, his plans for a university department of training for public service were cut short by his death. Next to the Legislative Reference Library, his greatest single achievement was the extension of the University of Wisconsin to the people of the whole state. In those days a large element in the University was under the influence of the eastern ideal of culture—an aristocratic influence—"and," McCarthy once said, "there are no greater aristocrats found anywhere than in education." In the faculty, there was a battle on between one group that leaned toward the liberal idea of education and another that wished the requirements for a degree to include Greek and Latin. Naturally the latter were horrified at the idea of spreading the class rooms beyond the campus—not to mention the unheard of proposal to put a great university into the business of teaching by mail. Thanks to McCarthy, the university went out to the people. By 1912 some 5,000 students were taking correspondence courses, and its professors regularly visited some fifty-seven local classes all over the state. Yet its work of higher education did not suffer.

Along with these achievements, McCarthy managed to coach football at the University, and was inconspicuously active in the fight that succeeded in driving the professional element from the game throughout the Middle West. He went to Japan with an exhibition baseball team. Other trips took him to Germany, Denmark, Ireland,—though born in America he spoke Gaelic fluently—where he studied agricultural cooperation. Yet in Wisconsin he had found the life work from which nothing could tempt him. He refused to go to China to serve as agricultural advisor to the Republic at a high salary—only one of many lucrative offers. Money he did not care for; indeed his generosity kept him continually poor. Position was nothing to him: "I think," he said, "there ought to be one man who will stand through the whole thing without running for office and without asking for honor or emoluments." And only once, when more as a matter of patriotism than politics he ran for the United States Senate during the war, did he even appear to waver in this philisophy.

But if Charles McCarthy had to his credit definite and varied achievements, perhaps the greater part of his work was done in ways that

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can never fully be recorded. It has been well said of him that he had a "genius for making men aware of their own ideals." His electric personality struck in most of the men who knew him a spark, a realization of how in some concrete instance progress could be advanced. How great a leader he was will never be known, so much did he choose to keep himself in the background. "Credit that's worth having," he said, "will find the owner out." All over the United States are men and women, working for progress, who do so the more clearly and surely for having known him.

The contradictions in his nature help to define him. Though the founder of an organ of government that could frame laws technically perfect, some bills drawn up by him were said to be models of what bills should never be. The organization of his Legislative Reference Library was the work of genius, yet as an administrator of an already existing piece of human machinery, the Walsh Industrial Commission, he was not a success. While more than anyone else of his time he helped place science at the service of government, his own mind was by no means scientific. Himself a man of marked originality, his contribution to political thought was not original; his "Wisconsin Idea," as he himself said of it, "advocated no new philosophy," it "urged simply logical consideration of one thing after another as necessity appears." His conception of the state, his over-emphasis of the state's importance, was inspired by a German ideal, on which—and he might easily have been the first to admit it—the war shed a new and disagreeable light.

If McCarthy shaped public affairs to a searching philosophy of his own, we have no proof of it. His mind was not much occupied with any general scheme of things. Rather was he an engineer, who saw the broken bridge down the line and instantly conceived the most serviceable manner of repair; who used, along with the tools of his own ready ingenuity, much poetry besides, and who, by the example of his own hope and strength, easily enlisted the strength and hopes of other men. The immediate breakdown and the remedy preoccupied him; the ultimate idea, the idea of Socialism, for instance, did so very little. "The only way to beat the Socialists," he once said, "is to beat them to it."

The true signs of McCarthy's greatness—or of something akin to greatness—must be looked for in his personality, in a mind at once restless, patient, courageous, shrewd, open-minded, idealistic, practical, tolerant, continually burning with a tireless zeal, which made all these other qualities irresistibly contagious. His advice was sought by presidents and mayors, labor leaders and business men, farmers and foreign governments. He was a pioneer into the wilderness of things that can and must be done tomorrow. If others followed him, it was for reasons the most various: because of his obvious sincerity, his enthusiasm, his humor, his readiness to acknowledge mistakes. A dash of brogue added charm to his dramatic power of speech. His physical appearance was unforgettable, and the true worth of him was easily to be read between its lines: a slim, loose-jointed, alert figure, above which was the face of a dogged Irishman, almost a prizefighter's face, with lean, jagged mask, hooked nose warped to one side by football, dark hair, close-clipped moustache, a long, belligerent, protruding lower jaw and with all this a pair of the bluest, frankest dreamer's eyes there to tell the most important part of the story. For such an athlete his slight frame seemed absurd; he weighed little more than 130 pounds, but, as he insisted, "weighing 120 doesn't matter; if you've got the spirit you weigh 200." Add to this an emaciation, described by a friend of his later years as much that of a hunger striker's, and you have the picture of Charles McCarthy, a man who did not care sufficiently for himself to rest from the fight even when he knew that he was burning himself away.

For McCarthy's particular combination of practicality with idealism, of science with agitation, the best name has been found by a friend of his. McCarthy was a "social inventor." Because of his inventions American political progress was advanced by years; because of him democratic commonwealths now have devices that will continue to serve the voters in their struggles to write their will into the law of the land, long after McCarthy's personal influence has ceased to be more than a memory and an inspiration to those who worked with him. But if greatly the craftsman of progress, he was also one of its prophets. By another friend it has been well said of him that "better perhaps than any other progressive leader he expressed the deeper aspiration of that movement, which was to convert the American government into an instrument of social democracy by improving its methods, by educating its agents and by increasing its sense of responsibility to the popular will." It is fitting that the Assembly of the State of Wisconsin should have voted unanimously to let his body lie in state at the Capitol "in order that all who loved him may have an opportunity to do honor to the great public character who was their fellow worker—the faithful servant of the legislature and of the people."

ROBERT LITTELL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Menace of Opium

SIR: May I point out through your columns that Dr. Pearce Bailey's article, The Drug Habit in the United States, in the New Republic of March 16th, written as it is from the point of view of army statistics, is liable to be quite misleading in several particulars.

Statistics printed in the government report of Hearings before the Senate committee, investigating the Opium Traffic, have a more direct bearing on the matter. Part I of this report (now declared to be "out of print") gives the number of addicts in this country, as 1,000,000 in 1912 and 2,000,000 in 1918—a hundred per cent increase in only six years. One may be a long way from being an alarmist and still be appalled by figures such as these, which would seem to "approach accuracy" nearer than do those which Dr. Bailey has culled from the limited field of army statistics. I will admit that even these figures are "too small to justify anyone in proclaiming that the nation is on the verge of ruin from drugs," but I submit that they are alarming enough to make one deplore the attitude with which he approaches a traffic full of terrible possibilities for us in America.

Dr. Bailey's reference to the underground distribution of narcotic drugs which is deliberately forming addicts among the youth of this country, and his observations apropos of "registration," which he says throws the doors even wider open than formerly, give us food for thought. He believes that drug addiction is less a medical than a legal problem, but as a matter of fact it is most of all an economic problem! He himself touches the heart of the matter when he says that "traffic in drugs is a very lucrative business"! If the distribution and sale is lucrative, what shall be said of its production? I have not space here to go into this matter. Suffice it to say that the source of opium is India, where its growth is fostered by England, whose profits from the industry amount to between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000 annually,—figures taken from Ellen LaMotte's little book, The Opium Monopoly, which was reviewed last year in the New Republic.

Smuggling of opium comes up for discussion in Dr. Bailey's article. To the conditions which he cites, and which make it easy,—New York from all Seas and Canada; California from the Orient, I would add the Southern States from Mexico. And to the list of states that he cites as being particularly given to drug addiction, I would add Alabama, where there are reported to be more addicts in proportion to the population than in New York. This from the testimony of Mr. L. C. Nutt of the bureau of Internal Revenue, who also is authority for the statement that there seem to be more addicts in proportion to the population in the South, than in the North.

Dr. Bailey states that according to neuro-psychiatric army statistics, 83.2 of the drug addicts were found between the ages of twenty and thirty. Statistics obtained by more comprehensive methods tell us that the greatest number are to be found between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three. As to his statement that while no figures exist in regard to women addicts, *"the number in all probability* (is) far below the number of men, *as women have little tendency to form gangs,"* (italics my own) I can only say that it is well that we have his warning against accepting "unverified facts" as "final evidence"; and I beg to quote, in addition, from the testimony of Dr. Schereschewsky—an expert who testified at the Senate hearing—that as far as he could judge, the percentage of addicts is about equally distributed between the sexes. I would also refer the reader to medical journals for further information on this point.

The international aspects of opium distribution as it concerns this country, must, before long, receive serious consideration. Mr. F. R. Eldridge of the Far Eastern Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, stated before the Senate Committee that the fact that narcotics are allowed to go from the United States to China, either directly or indirectly, has an unfortunate effect upon our relations with that country, where (to quote from another witness) "we are slowly carrying on the greatest poisoning in all history,"—poisoning and debasing (I would prefer to put it—helping to poison and debase) a friendly people and a potentially great ally. And China is not the only country to be noted. There are the in-transit shipments to Japan,—shipments for instance, from Great Britain through the United States to that country, in bond. And that is not all! These are westward-moving shipments. In addition there was shipped from the port of New York, during the year 1918, i. e. up to the end of September, morphine to the amount of 12,000 ounces; in 1919—33,000 ounces; and in 1920—61,000 ounces, a total of 107,000 ounces—together with cocaine to the amount of 163,000 ounces. Shall we not say, that, in addition to the medical, legal, and economic problems, we have in this opium traffic, an ethical problem? A part of the 235 tons of opium that came into the United States in 1920 we are using to drug ourselves, and part of it we are exporting to drug human beings somewhere else, with absolutely no realization—generally speaking—of the terrible moral, physical and mental degeneration that follows in the train of drug indulgence.

The problem that we are facing is serious and immediate. The destructive forces inherent in the opium traffic and habit are increasing. The evil is a difficult one to cope with, for it has its so-called "legitimate" and its "illegitimate" aspects, the one often overlapping the other. Much of the "legitimate" export is finding its way back into the country and entering the illicit trade. By means of the "underground" traffic many young people in our large cities are being infected with the insidious disease of drug addiction. At the lowest estimate one person in every hundred in this country is afflicted. A baby born of an addict mother is an addict. From the justice on the bench and the preacher, up and down through all grades of social and economic life, people are subject to the disease. Opium is clutching us! Shall we,—can we force it to let go?

New York City. BLANCHE WATSON.

American Prussianism

SIR: "Manifestly the highest purpose of the League of Nations was defeated in linking it with the Treaty of Peace and making it the enforcing agency of the victors of the war," says President Harding in his first message to Congress. Truer words were never spoken, but what of the Treaty itself? What has Mr. Harding in mind when he speaks of "reservations and modifications"?

David Lawrence, writing from Washington April 12th, says: "If the European governments will . . . . change the character of the League so that a member of it will not be compelled to enforce the provisions of the Treaty itself, America will join."

Frank H. Simonds, writing from Washington April 7th, says: "Stripped of all the finesse of diplomacy, the Harding administration has been saying to the Germans: 'You must pay. The question of the reasonableness of the Allied claims against you is not now open to debate'."

The Harding-Hughes policy, then, is this: Germany must pay, but England and France must do the collecting.

In the final result such a policy can satisfy no one. If Germany ought to be made to pay what the Allied nations demand, the United States ought to help in the squeezing process. If the Allied demands are not just, the United States ought to insist that they be made just, or at the very least it should wash its hands of the whole business.

The Harding-Hughes policy is calculated to cost us the friendship and respect of the Allies without gaining the good will of Germany. It is a typically "America first" policy, an Americanized version of the "Deutschland über alles" policy. It will escape condemnation only because America lacks a pro-Ally, anti-Treaty party, a party which was for the war but which is against the so-called peace.

The sad fact is that since November 11th, 1918, there has been no movement in America for a generous treatment of the defeated enemy. Wilson, who had declared that the war settlement would be generous, accepted a harsh peace. His followers, who had applauded his high ideals of international relationships, then stopped thinking for themselves and through blind and tortuous ways went up and down the land crying, "Join the League of Nations," when they knew that the League was clearly destined to enforce a Treaty which not even its warmest advocate ever dreamed of calling generous.

And now, with all the talk of the tremendous difficulties which the Harding-Hughes administration is encountering in liquidating the war, there is hardly a voice raised for reconciliation, for the ideals of the Wilson of the old days, for a humble, considerate attitude toward other nations Instead, we hear of "American interests," of "American sovereignty," of "American rights," of "freedom of action."

The Harding-Hughes policy, like the latter-day Wilson policy, is based on the belief that mankind is "after all neither democratic nor Christian." It contains all the faults of the Wilson policy and none of its virtues.

Hartford, Connecticut. MYRON M. JOHNSON.

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Books and Things

ALTHOUGH I have relinquished all hope of having either been a diver in deep seas or trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, I am no longer quite so sure as I once was that I may not yet share with Leda the sensation of giving birth to Helen of Troy. For lately I have had an experience which, if not quite so momentous as this last, has been as little expected and nearly as unsexing. To my surprise I have discovered that once upon a time, long before the war, I taught German girls English in a girls' school at Hanover. It was in North London that I helped with the smaller girls in a school kept by the Miss Pernes. For several months I acted as governess to two children in a well-to-do English family living in the country not many hours from London. A year or so later, say in the middle nineties, while lodging on the top floor of a house just off the Euston Road, I acted as secretary to a dentist in Wimpole Street, to a considerate man with a scientific turn of mind, as dexterous as an American dentist and not facetious at all. Miriam Henderson, the heroine of Miss Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage—hers is the life I have led, she is the woman I've been, for several hours a day during the vivider part of a week. Did Teiresias feel like this, I wonder, when he looked back to remember how he too had once been a woman?

Of course, however, this identification of myself with Miriam is far from complete really, since the recurrent feeling which has been not least among my surprises while reading Pilgrimage, this odd and oddly repeated shock of discovery that men are of a sex different from mine and women of the same sex, is obviously beyond the pale of Miriam's own experience. If ever her womanhood took her by surprise, how much the less Miriam she! For the best of other reasons, too, I stop short of identifying my daily self with hers. During many hours, far too many for pleasure, my mind is on the lookout for short-cuts, which prove on acquaintance tastelessly algebraic and schematically gray. I keep fussing with concepts worn smooth, arranging them and rearranging, trying to impose upon them an alien coherence and form. This I do with an ulterior purpose sometimes, at others just to escape the boredom of seeing them fall into one of the same old patterns. Seldom indeed do I catch my consciousness at its greatest ardor, when the details of the phenomenal world become as acutely visible as those queer figures who take their stand about one's bedside when one lies between sleep and waking, and who stare so hard before they join hands and dance in a ring. By how much Miriam's inner life is different from mine, so much is it richer and more vehement. She is always alive. Her afferent nerves are always busy. The things she remembers or imagines are as vivid to her as each of the many things she hears and sees. The intense extended world of her consciousness is a world of sensations and perceptions that strike upon her in an unbroken rush of sharp minutiae.

Some little time was needed, half a volume perhaps, before I could reach the heart of peace in the travelling whirlpool of Miriam's perceptions. For a hundred pages or two I was certain that she would break down before long, that she was in for an illness and a weary convalescence. I blamed all her friends for not taking her temperature. These were groundless fears. Miriam is normal when her nerves are exasperated. Men and women and landscape, weather and times of day, the falling of early light or late upon city streets, her nerves report and describe these things in her own hallucinated way, they seem to have no existence of their own outside her vigilant nerves, and to exist more intensely because of this limitation. When she is dead beat and almost numb she lives a series of vivid pictures of numbness. And in spite of all the fever and the fret Miriam never feels her continual perceptiveness as a task or makes an effort to go on perceiving. She cannot help taking her patient snapshots of her world as it flows past or over her. Her only way of escape from the enormous difficulty of dealing with men and women is to take their pictures. This she does as naturally, as inevitably, as a blank wall welcomes shadows.

But absurd though it be to say, as I did say in my first paragraph, that I identified myself with Miriam, whose senses are so acute, whose consciousness is colored and not drab, who is a woman and not a man, yet this absurdity does measure the degree of my credence. My belief in Miriam is absolute. I believe in her existence, her poverty, her hunger, her courage, her touchiness, her chronic hyperaesthesia, her gift of seeing and of telling herself what she sees. There are few characters in fiction whose happiness I have so much desired, few I think less likely to achieve happiness. Even if Miriam grew rich she would not outgrow her inability to enter or leave a peopled room without taking thought. In no matter what freedom from material cares she would still find, as often as she had to deal with other human beings, that her reflexes were far too few. Happiness will never be hers, but she will be less unhappy after discovering an activity that will enable her, will compel her, to do something with her impressions. Music? Possibly, for she has a talent that way, but were I a friend of Miriam's I should urge her rather to divert the stream of her thinking into a novel, a novel about as spacious and crowded as Pilgrimage, by Dorothy Richardson.

Next autumn Mr. Knopf will publish Deadlock, the sixth volume of Pilgrimage. The five volumes he has already published are called Pointed Roofs, Backwater, Honeycomb, The Tunnel and Interim. Four times in the first twenty pages of Pointed Roofs does Miss Richardson make what one might call an author's comment upon Miriam. Nowhere else, so far as I've noticed, does she deviate by so much as a millimetre from her method, that already famous method which shuts us up in Miriam's consciousness, where everything is presented to us with as much form or as little as it happens to take there, with as many references as happen to be sticking to it when it comes to the surface or with as complete an absence of reference. Interim was the volume I began with, and at first I thought the method teasing, but later, going back to Pointed Roofs and reading all five books in their order, I found myself liking the method better and better, surrendering to it unconditionally, wondering whether any novelist had applied it with equal strictness before. Its only drawback is that it leaves one wondering, foolishly, how Pilgrimage can ever come to an end. Not with Miriam's death, which she won't be there to describe, although perhaps she had a glimpse of it when she imagined the death of Flora, the maidservant at the Miss Pernes: "When she died she would wait quietly with nothing to do, blind and wondering. Death would take her into a great festival—things for her for herself. She would not believe it and would put up her hands to keep it off. But it would be all round her in great laughter, like the deep roaring and crying of a flood."

P. L.

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What British Miners Want

Nationalization of Mines, by Frank Hodges. New York: Thomas Seltzer, Inc.

ONE who wishes nowadays to find statesmanship in the discussion of industrial problems is compelled to resort to the writings of the spokesmen of labor. It is here that the problems are treated in their more general relations. How much of a commodity the nation as a whole needs and at what price it can be supplied and paid for; how the wastes in production can be done away with and the excessive charges of distribution reduced; how the incentive to do his best can be restored to the worker: these are among the subjects vital to the public interest that the labor authorities are treating. Sporadically similar subjects are handled well by persons not connected with the labor movement, as for example by Mr. Hoover and the engineering societies. But as a rule the spokesmen of capital are confining themselves to the threshing of old straw—the sanctity and adequacy of private initiative and the dangers of paternalism, the beneficence of the tendencies towards equilibrium in economic life, etc. Just compare the difference in quality between the arguments advanced by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and those of their opponents. The former are those of men living in our time, intensely aware of contemporary circumstances. The latter are the voice of a neglected tomb.

In the list of works in the excellent tradition of the labor school one of the best is this book by Frank Hodges, secretary of the Miners' Federation. It is brief, straightforward and all to the point. It would deserve wide study even if nothing had happened to give it the quality of timeliness. With the coal strike on, the book is invaluable. Nothing else available to the general reader gives so clear a view of what the miners are fighting for.

The book gives a sketch of the conditions under which coal is produced and consumed, brief, but adequate to the purpose of showing that the present system is intolerably wasteful and anti-social. It is something of a novelty in practical literature that the spokesman for a group whose interest lies in the increase in the demand for coal should stand staunchly for economy in the consumption of coal. But Mr. Hodges views the coal industry as a public service. The public requires a certain quantity of heat and power. To meet this requirement over a million men must toil underground or at the pit's mouth, incurring risks to life and limb that are among the gravest in modern industry. The coal put on the market is after all the material embodiment of the miners' labor and deprivation and not a little of their blood. Should it be wasted in antiquated heating and power plants? Mr. Hodges feels that this waste is more criminal than a mere waste of money that burdens the consumer with unnecessary costs.

If it could be assumed that the industry, with all its present wastefulness, were steadily improving, it might be the part of wisdom to let it alone. But the industry is plainly deteriorating. "There has been a general decline in technique, a decline in the physical means for production, a decline in machinery, in rolling stock, and in the character of the underground workings." The only factors which do not exhibit deterioration are profits and money wages. Profits have been rising with irregular persistence, from £11,700,000 in 1889-93 to £35,500,000 in 1918, or from 1s. 3.78d per ton in 1889-93 to 3s. 1.5d in 1918. Wages have risen from an average of £58 a year to £159 a year. Increased earnings for both labor and capital, combined with reduction in output per unit of labor and of capital, suggest what is happening to the consumer. And since the chief consumer is the industry and trade by which all England lives it is time something should be done about the matter.

The solution proposed by Mr. Hodges is nationalization, the taking over of the mines with fair compensation to the owners and their operation as a unified system of public service, a sort of trust with the nation as the sole stockholder. The industry would not be run bureaucratically, like the Post Office, but by a mining council, half elected by the miners and half in open Parliament, to represent the interests of the other industries and of domestic consumers. This council would work through a Minister of Mines to secure concentration of responsibility and a coordination of mining with the general national interest.

The chief benefits from such a reorganization of industry would be twofold. In the first place the waste and inconvenience of the present haphazard scheme would sooner or later be done away with. Mines could be laid out and equipped in pursuance of a far-sighted plan of national development. The handling of the whole coal supply as a unit would inevitably force the concentration of organizing ability upon economy in the generation of power, upon the utilization of by-products. In the second place and most important of all this reorganization would give the mine laborer the sense of dignity and responsibility essential to his best performance. As matters stand he is invited to produce his maximum: thereby he will increase profits in the first instance; later, perhaps, wages will rise, or coal prices to the consumer will fall, perhaps. Under the nationalization plan of Mr. Hodges, no potential profiteer would stand between the miner and the consumer, to put a moral brake upon every impulse toward increased effort.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Barbellion

A Last Diary, by W. N. P. Barbellion. New York: George H. Doran Company.

IN one of the Imaginary Portraits Pater tells of a young man, avid of new sensations, who gave himself out for dead and assisted at his own funeral. A not dissimilar experience came to "W. N. P. Barbellion," the author of The Journal of a Disappointed Man. When in 1918 he sent his journal to the printers he had no hope to live to see the published book and therefore, with no desire to mislead, he added the final apparently editorial note chronicling his death. But he lived on, long enough to see the book and to read Mr. Wells's preface and the avalanche of reviews that it called forth. During these months he composed his Last Diary, and then died bravely, after prolonged suffering, in the summer of 1919. In this country, as is well remembered, it was widely asserted that the Journal was a hoax perpetrated by Mr. Wells, a charge that at length brought forth a sharp categorical denial from Mr. Wells himself. The secret of "Barbellion's" identity was well kept and it was not until after his death that it became generally known that his real name was Bruce Frederick Cummings and that the Journal was in every particular the record of an actual life.

This Last Diary, which "Barbellion" planned should be published posthumously "under the sensational and catch-

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penny title" of the Diary of a Dying Man, differs in several respects from the earlier Journal. It was written evidently with definite thoughts of publication. The self-revelation is not obscured on that account; rather it becomes if possible more apparent. But there is a loss in artlessness; there is more concern for "effect." The rough edges are smoothed away; there is greater finish, a finer ease and limpidity. Not that any element of insincerity has crept in. The change is greater than that of literary form, and of that change the writer was himself conscious. In a touching entry he renounces the intellectual interests that had always held him and turns towards matters of ethical and spiritual concern. Especially after he has had the last satisfaction of reading his own book, of analyzing its qualities, and of commenting upon the comments of reviewers, does his thought take on an almost indiscribable color of spiritual exaltation in the very face of death. If he thanks the gods for his unconquerable soul, it is with no blatancy; rather with a sweet serenity. The rare flashes of the old intellectual arrogance serve to make this spirit of calm acceptance the more marked. As death approaches his mind turns back to experiences of his youth and upon these he draws for some of the loveliest pages in this Diary: the ousel singing by the river at nightfall; the rabbits' golgotha; the bats in the deserted mine. The mysterious disease had now dragged on too far to permit of any further quests for out-of-the-way lore among the haunts of the feathered and furry creatures he loved. He records several scenes with his old nurse, an ignorant self-opinionated but kindly woman, which would move one to laughter but for the pathos behind "Barbellion's" quiet smile. He is constantly anxious lest he should die before he could see his book. There are depths of feeling happily unknown to most of us in his transcript of the lines—

O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come up, and Faustus must be damned.

One calls to mind other hapless souls in whom the instinct for expression struggled against physical infirmities: Leopardi; Phillip Marston; and especially the author of the Sonnets of the Wingless Hours. "Barbellion's" was a nature of sterner stuff than theirs. "No coward soul is mine," he cries with the gifted woman he admired and stood in awe of. In the presence of such a spirit one may suggest literary "parallels" but not trace them out.

The question of whether the literary or scientific talent was uppermost in "Barbellion's" temperament has occupied the critics. Mr. Wells thinks that he was primarily a scientist. "Barbellion" himself records his preference to be remembered as a man of letters. It may be suggested that the literary gift rose, after illness was upon him, out of that natural instinct for accurate and lucid exposition which is the endowment of many scientists. Had his health been normal he might have remained a biologist, one of the vast army of workers in the field of the natural sciences, perhaps forever unknown to "the public." As it was he learned in suffering what he taught in these self-revelations. He is more likely to be remembered than had he lived a normal life. Cold compensation for the wingless hours and wasted hopes!

To the Diary a surviving brother has contributed a sympathetic and dignified biographical introduction, which however, though it supplies many external facts, lets little further light upon "Barbellion's" character than that which he himself shed thereon.

S. C. C.

The Contemplative Quarry*

WOMAN, as Meredith remarked, will be the last creature tamed by man. Today, as in the time of the Cro-Magnards, this strange companion, half-animal, half-angel, crouches within his walls and remains aloof from them. She does not appear even to understand the terms of her captivity. The generous captor makes her the half-willing partner of his house, his heart, his every trivial thought, and is puzzled because this strange being seems to possess still another world she does not share with him. He chains her in iron facts and, in ever-new fantasies, she escapes him; the quarry is too contemplative to be wholly caught.

Even when woman has turned singer, she has refused to reveal herself. With amazingly few exceptions, all the poetry written by the Christina Rossettis, the Elizabeth Brownings, the Laurence Hopes, the Sara Teasdales, expresses the masculine rather than the feminine attitude to the sex. It is impossible to say whether an ancient inhibition or a more conscious desire to flatter has impelled practically every woman lyricist to picture her soul as man has always portrayed it. "Our lords and lovers imagine us to be thus and so," they seem to say, "let then our songs declare we are truly thus and so." Such an attitude—and it may be a half-despairing, half-disdainful one—accounts for the amazing similarities and sentimental choruses. The traditional gestures, the reticences, the evasive delicacies are the properties that screen a hundred fierce differences—even the inflections have a false sameness. One realizes, with abrupt surprise, that what few glimpses poetry has had of the multiplex, unadjusted spirit of woman have been given by men: Euripides understood her variously burning heart better than the passionate Sappho; the restrained Meredith tells us more than the rhapsodic Mrs. Browning.

If it is true that the masculine monopoly of creative, critical and interpretative force is chiefly due to man's range and liberty of experience, and if it is equally true that woman's minor position in the arts is largely due to her lack of freedom for free discussion or action, one sees signs of a new order. These manifestations are portents rather than performances; but already a small and widely-scattered group of women are taking stock of themselves—appraising their limitations, inventions and energies without a thought of man's contempt or condescension. Searchers like May Sinclair, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, are working in a prose that illuminates their experiments. In poetry, a regiment of young women are recording an even more rigorous self-examination. The most typical and, in many ways, the best of these seekers and singers is Anna Wickham.

Anna Wickham has published two books: The Contemplative Quarry, a first venture of forty small pages, and The Man with a Hammer, a longer but scarcely richer volume. Two other vivid collections, The Noiseless Propeller and The Little Old House are to appear shortly. The most casual reading—if such a thing were possible—of Mrs. Wickham's work reveals the strength of her candor, the intense singleness of her purpose. The opening

* The Contemplative Quarry is to be published in June by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. The book has been published in London by the Poetry Book-Shop but this English edition is now out of print.

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lines of the first poem in The Contemplative Quarry strikes the key of the book with its acid overtones of irony:

She: What shall I do most pleasing man?
I will delight you if I can.
Shall I be silent? Shall I speak?
Since I love quick I'll show that I am weak:
I'll say the wisest strangest thing I know
That you may smile at vanity, and love me so.

He: How can her wisdom flourish and endure
When her philosophy is but a lure,
And to the arsenal of charm is brought
The ammunition of her thought?
I count her breathing as I sit;
I love her mouth, but disregard her wit.

The poems that follow could scarcely be put in the category of "pleasant" or "charming" verse; they are not what another poet has called "pretty tunes of coddled ills," these are no "songs for an idle lute." They are astringent and sometimes harsh; gnarled frequently in their own perturbations. Nor is the poetry unconscious of itself; time and again it beats at the bars of greater limitations than form. Even fragments of poems devoted to the search for loveliness reveal such self-analysis.

The tumult of a fretted mind
Gives me expression of a kind;
But it is faulty, harsh, not plain—
My work has the incompetence of pain.

So Mrs. Wickham's spirit burns and twists in the flame of her passionate appeal:

God send us power to make decision
With muscular, clean fierce precision.

But does precision satisfy her? On the contrary, she writhes beneath it. Torn between her desire for perfection and her distrust of it, she typifies the woman of today who has repudiated the old order and is, as yet, pitifully unadjusted to a new one.

I desire Virtue, though I love her not—
I have no faith in her when she is got.
. . . . . .
My silly sins I take for my heart's ease
And know my beauty in the end disease.

Her very mercurial temperament is representative of the nervous spirit of her age; mood follows mood with abrupt intensity. She is, in quick succession, burning hot and icy cold; she is driven from fiery antagonisms to smouldering apathy; she is acutely sensitive, restless, harassed. In one of her early poems she sums up the impulse and fervor of this poetry. In a sort of half-defiant apologia she writes:

If I had peace to sit and sing,
Then I could make a lovely thing;
But I am stung with goads and whips,
So I build songs like iron ships.

Let it be something for my song,
If it is sometimes swift and strong.

There are more than a few hints in these lines of the eventual freedom of women. Yet this promise of liberty, instead of causing fresh jubilations, brings only fresh questions. Woman is being freed—for what? Is she to be liberated only to be caught up in new entanglements? Free for larger discontents? For a more relentless fury in the sex-duel? She hesitates. She realizes that it is not possible to live long on a fight. She has dreams of peace even in the midst of battle.

Thus the fluctuating thoughts of Anna Wickham. And so, for the greater part, her poems present the drama of woman still struggling between what is difficult to repudiate and what is still more difficult to accept. Here we see her torn between dreams and domesticity, between being the instrument of love and love itself; making some sort of adjustment to the conflicting claims of modernity and maternity. A dozen poems develop this theme with rich variations. Witness the tense passion in The Revolt of Wives, the restrained power of The Free Woman, the livelier satire in Eugenics, The Slighted Lady. Examine the bitter humor of The Tired Man, Nervous Prostration and The Individualist. Nor does Feminism satisfy her. There still is the stubborn fact of inferiority—self-imposed as well as forced upon her—and the great wish to maintain a persistent individuality clashes with the deeper desire to give all of self completely. For the moment, she turns upon herself and, angry though she is at the women who grow old with being "passionate about pins, and pence, and soap," she becomes even more impatient at the complacency of certain schools of thought. Thus in the caustic The Affinity, she begins:

I have to thank God I'm a woman
For in these ordered days a woman only
Is free to be very hungry, very lonely.

And, in another key, feminism is discarded for femininity; through the mouth-piece of The Shrew she can say:

You wish, O master of my destiny,
That I control myself.
'Twere better you ruled me.
For if I rule myself, I smile at you, and hate.
If you rule me, I love you though I curse, O mate!

In this poetry one receives, through the vision of woman in rebellion, the sharp activity of modern art. Not only do the aesthetic agitations find their echo in snatches like

Only a starveling singer seeks
The stuff of songs among the Greeks . . .

These are new waters and a new Humanity;
For all old myths give us the dream to be . . .

But iconoclasm has been equally stimulated so that it moves with a definitely religious energy:

Thank God for war and fire
To burn the silly objects of desire,
That from the ruin of a church thrown down
We see God clear and high above the town.

Out of all these poems, even the most lyrical ones, rises the cry of the solitary soul that is no less solitary for being

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the protagonist of a sex. It cries to placid women as well as to complacent men: "Show us the contract plain!"

We, vital women, are no more content
Bound, first to passion, then to sentiment.
Of you, the masters, slaves in our poor eyes
Who most are moved by women's tricks and lies,
We ask our freedom. In good sooth,
We only ask to know and speak the truth!

"We only ask to know and speak the truth." A tremendous demand screened by that deprecating "only"! But it is because of such determinations that truth—or an approach to it—will be a little easier for lovers, comrades, women and men. It will not only be the quarry that will have something splendid to contemplate.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Revival of Anti-Semitism

The Revival of Anti-Semitism, by Felix Adler. New York: The American Ethical Union, 2 West 64th Street.

THIS is an admirably sane and wise address, delivered before the New York Society for Ethical Culture. It patiently untangles the clever current attempts to entwine anti-Jewish and anti-Bolshevist feeling. The Jews, as Dr. Adler says, have the defects of their qualities and the qualities of their defects. But however much one may be inclined to ignore their enormous contribution to western civilization in its intellectual and religious aspects, it is simply nonsense to allow such snobbishness to lead to the "moral backwardness" of which Dr. Adler speaks. That backwardness consists particularly in explaining social trouble and disorder in terms of wicked persons and clans, hidden potentates of sinister and mysterious power. Dr. Adler shows quite easily how tempting these explanations are to people of feeble mentality, but he properly insists that even patriots of a narrow kind have no reason to explain anti-Jewish prejudice on any but obvious historical grounds. It is lamentable that such a pamphlet should be needed in this country. Dr. Adler has written it with a maximum of intelligent candor and it should have therapeutic value if proffered to the right persons.

F. H.

The Romantic

The Romantic, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR has taken for her latest novel, The Romantic, a curious paradox. It is the problem of the real character of a man who is inspired by the idea of danger, constantly seeking danger, but who in the actual presence of danger is repeatedly overwhelmed by cowardice. Each failure to be heroic he attempts to conceal by lies and subtle attacks upon the characters of those who happen to have witnessed his cowardice. After each failure, too, he is drawn again into those dangers which fire his romantic imagination, and wears always, except in the moment of the trial of his physical courage, the aspect of real heroism. There is nothing of panic either in his runnings away. They are deliberate, conscious, and overwhelm him even at the time with sickness and remorse.

Allied with this curious attitude toward danger is a similar attitude toward love. Next to his romantic courage, the highest thing in his life, from his own point of view, is his romantic, platonic devotion to a woman to whom he *is not* married, but *who is* his companion. Physical passion affects him very much like actual danger. He certainly loathes it; he seems to fear it; and he hates instantly anyone who can arouse passion in him.

The study of John Conway, the hero or the coward as you please, is certainly extraordinary enough to interest those readers who prefer the unusual in literature to the more sympathetic study of types whose charm is their very familiarity. The problem of the real character of John Conway is puzzle enough to hold the attention of the least inquisitive reader until that problem is solved by the novelist through the mouth of McClane, not the soundest of psychologists, to judge from his apparent acceptance of telepathy and from his theory of prophetic dreams.

In addition to the study of character, there is in The Romantic a rapid succession of situations developing from it, and episodes interesting for their own sakes; many of them take place in Belgium during the German advance in 1914, and all the principal persons of the story are engaged in that most exciting of all branches of the service, the ambulance. To the development of these scenes, Miss Sinclair brings the best of her powers of rapid and vigorous narration and description. She sees clearly in a way peculiar to herself and has a facility of presenting shapes and colors in images the more striking for being a trifle bizarre in the phrase. It is unfortunate that she has adopted so largely the telegraphic style, clipped, ejaculatory phrases, often incoherent, seldom fully expressive; nouns with modifiers and detached phrases taking the place of sentences. By all the standards of good English, these are the rags and tatters of prose. Verbs, the strongest words in the language, scarcely exist in her vocabulary. To be, to have, and to know are her stock in trade . . . a good philosophy perhaps, but poor diction.

A more fundamental objection might be raised, that a study in abnormal psychology, conducted in the form of a sensational romance, and concluded by an essay of dubious value as psychology, however plausible as romance, is neither literature nor science. This perhaps is an academic question not necessary for anyone to solve who wishes to enjoy the novel or puzzle over the problem.

G. H. C.

Contributors

R. H. TAWNEY is the author of The Acquisitive Society. He was a member of the British Coal Industry Commission in 1919. During the war he was wounded while fighting with the 22nd S. B. Manchester Regiment.

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